Jul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that must be husband comes to wooe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father, Madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. These are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurse.*

Cap. When the Sun sets, the aire doth drisle dew,
But for the Sun-set of my brothers sonne,
It raines downe right.
How now, a Conduit Girle? what still in teares?
Evermore showring? In one little body
Thou counterfeitst a Barke, a Sea, a winde:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares; the Bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares, and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will over-set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
La. I sir, but she will none, she gives you thankes.
I would the foole were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife.
How? will she none? doth she not she give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
(Unworthy as she is) that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
Jul. Not proud you have, but thankfull that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankfull even for hate that's meant in love.
Cap. How now? how now? chopt logick? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud: Mistris minion, you,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will dragge thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greene sickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience but to speake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thursday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, doe not answere me,
My fingers itch: Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this onely childe,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heaven blesse her,
You are to blame my Lord to rate her so.
Fa. And why my Lady wisdome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence smatter with your gossips, goe.
Nurse. I speake no treason.
Fa. O Godigeden.
Nurse. May not one speake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Utter your gravitie o're a Gossips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wife. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath bin
To have her matcht, and having now provided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and nobly alli'd,
Stuft (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wish a man;
And then to have a wretched puling foole,

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